The Fun an Eastern Sportsman Had With a Cinnamon and Her Cub.

Tree by the Infuriated

Rescued From Death by the Unerring Aim of Bloody Knife and Restored to Home and Friends.

for the purpose of obtaining a supply of water for breakfast, says a Helena correseason, says the Baltimore Sun. If we spondent of the Troy Times. I left my rifle could free ourselves entirely from the tra-ditions and customs that require us to make gifts to our friends on Christmas day any occasion to use it. Afterfilling my pail | we should nevertheless return to the pra I decided to return to came by a new route,

a trifle to the left, which I thought would

and good will, and those who have a proper cut off a little of the distance, and I had sudden stop. Who wouldn't?

An old she bear, with a cub, just ahead of me, had evidently been aroused from her night's sleep by my appearance, and, as she gradually lifted herself upon her hind legs and looked at me in amazement, it would have been a difficult matter to have told who was the more surprised—that bear or myself. Here was a how-de-do, a pretty how-de-do. I don't know whether at first the bear was scared; I do know I was unand retreat cut off.

How to get out of the dilemma; that was question occupying my mind just then, i the old lady been alone she probably ild have retreated, but with a cub by her side she very soon made up her mind to face the enemy and make it as warm as poscould I do? No gun with me, and the rship directly between myself and ody Knife. Pity me! Oh, how I did wish my faithful companion might be with me at that particular moment! A tussle with a bear might be a trifling occurrence with a bear might be a trifling occurrence for him; for me I was fully satisfied it would result in a speedy departure from this world—at least one "tenderfoot" sportsman with whom I had an intimate acquaintance would be forced to discontinue his rambles in the woods and on the plains. The cub in alarm ran up close to its mother, and the latter gave ominous growls, which, with her general appearance convinced me she meant business. Put yourself in my place, my friend and imagconvinced me she meant business. Put yourself in my place, my friend and imagine what my feelings must have been. The bear was not over 100 feet from me, and the situation, to say the least, was ticklish. Something had to be done, and done quickly, too, or there would be a hug, mg match—that I plainly saw as I glanced at the ugly mug of that brute in front of me. I had heard that the grizzly could not climb trees, while the cinnamon bear I knew was an exheard that the grizzly could not climb trees, while the cinnamon bear I knew was an expert climber. Satisfied that the huge animal before me belonged to the former class, it was evident the only chance for my life lay in "shinning" up a tree. As a boy I had achieved considerable celebrity among the chazy juveniles for my ability in climbing but that was lone and heare are and ing; but that was long ago, before age and a generous supply of adipose tissue brought about conditions unfavorable for athletic performances of such a character. I had not thrown a leg around a tree in over a quarter of a century, and it was a question in my mind whether I had not forgotten the "hitch" motion altogether. But—well,

with a ferocious bear.

Looking around I saw a pine tree about twenty-five feet behind me, and I thought about the right size for climbing. Foolish man! Poor judgment! Without waiting any longer I made a break for that tree, I pocketed my dignity and struck a Maud S. gait for safety. To my horror the tree proved to be at least twenty inches in diameter—too large for quick and easy climbing. I tackled at, though: I had to do so. The she bear had statted for me, and it was clearly a case of climb or dead doctor. I hitched and I hitched. Slowly, but, oh, my friend, how slowly I made progress upward. friend, how slowly I made progress upward. Before I had climbed twenty-five feet I was

The wrong kind of bear. Finally I reached a limb and throwing a leg over it took the first long breath I had drawn since I left terra firma. In this position of supposed security, I "braced up" wonderfully and my Dutch courage returned to me. I began to think meeting a bear was not such dangerous pastime after all, especially if trees were close at hand. I watched the old bear as she snarled around the foot of my perch, every now and then looking up at me

bear as she snarled around the foot of my perch, every now and then looking up at me with an expression which, if it meant anything, meant. "I wish I could get my paws on you just once?" Suddenly, horror upon horrors, the beast threw her legs around the tree and began to follow my example of "hitching?" Then it flashed across my mind that I had made a mistake—the bear was not a grizzly but a cinnamon, and you know the latter is an excellent climber. The grizzly and the cinnamon look very much alike at this senson of the year to the tenderfoot sportsman. Hence my mistake.

What did I do, you ask? Well, I velied for help and implored Bloody Knife in strongest terms to lose no time in rescuing me. All the while the bear kept coming mearer and nearer to me. When the brute reached a point within fifty feet of me I threw my hat at her and finally my shoes, one by one, vaniny hoping to induce her to discontinue her upward progress. Then I climbed to another limb ten or fifteen feet above, and my pursuer followed. And so on we both worked our way higher and higher, I all the while velling for help at the top of my voice. A limit is reached to all things, and so it was with the friendity branches of that big pine tree. At last gained the uppermost limb of any size, and here I was obliged to make a stand.

I had a sheath knife in my belt and this drew, deternanced to fight as bravely as could for my life. Leaning over as far as possible from my perch I gave a slash at the head of the bear when she came within reach.

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The sharp knife made an ugly gash, but did not reach the eye, as I had hoped; the wound only infuriated still more my ferocious pursuer. Another cut did no harmit only had the effect of arresting for a few seconds the progress of the she devil. She hung there and literally sparred for an opening. Her sharp claws cut through the sleeves of my shirt and soon reduced them to little else than strips of flamel. And the damage did not end there, as numerous deep scratches on my right forearm afterward—the scars of which I shall probably always carry—attested.

The result was that Mulcahy came to see me. He looked like some one I had seen to before, but I could not tell who. I saw that he had only a few months to live, and without referring to the \$75,000 or the fact of furnish him with \$7 per week. For ten straight months I paid his keep, and he dressed well and had plenty to cat and drink. One day I was sent for to find him dying. I was sorry, of course, but business, and as soon as I could make opportunity I said:

"John you are going to die."

"Yes, soir."

ward—the sears of which I shall probably always carry—attested.

The brute "hitched" higher and higher, and I felt confident my time had at last come. And to think, too, that fate had decreed I should meet death under such in glorious circumstances. Climbed up a tree for safety, followed by a bear, jerked to the ground, and chewed up! What an end! White all of these Sullivan tactics were going on my pursuer showed no signs of weakening, but rather she appeared to have gained her second wind. You had better believe I made vigorous use of my lungs during this close in-fighting.

Literally speaking, and without a slangy meaning. I was about to "take a tumble" when shouts of encouragement from Bloody Knife reached my ears, and a few seconds later two reports of his rifle in

quick succession were followed by a crashing through the bushes of the dead bear's heavy body. I never can forget the relief I experienced when that big hairy brute relaxed her hold and fell backward to the ground. No, I couldn't forget it if I were to attain the age of Meth isolah. As I slowly descended from my elevated perch I had a full realizing some of my narrow secure.

went too high, and was more seared than hurt. He said the party consisted of twelve men, who would go on a similar expedition next month away north, to the Saskatche-

At this time of the year, when the While Bloody Knife was engaged in cut ting firewood, I started with a tin pail for a cool spring, about 200 yards from out camp, reciation of the day give their fee a natural expression when the try to make their relatives and friends share their own happiness during the festival period. It is entirely natural, there is founded upon the instincts of humanit. It is possible, however, to have custom war the gift-giving from its true purpose by e giver to gratify his own vanity instead of kindly ministering to the tastes or wants of his friends. Between those whose friendship is real there can be no such thing as sordic weighing of the intrinsic value of a gift. Its value lies in the fact that it embodies an ex pression of love or affection, and whether it be large or small, costly or simple, it has this value to the true heart. For this r that gift is most highly appreciated which in some way forms a part of the giver; that which has at one time been cherished by the giver, or made by his hand, or that has bee thoughtfully and considerately selected t

meet the tastes or needs of the recipient.
Christmas should not be descerated by giftgiving felt as an obligation that is fulfilled
solely because custom demands it. The
gift should be a real expression of affection,
sincerely offered. With this consideration
of the principles that should guide one in
the Christmas reason content of the the Christmas season comes relief from some of the perplexities that beset one while preparation is being made for the coming festival. It encourages one to rule out a once all merely formal gifts and to dismiss from the mind all thought of making presents merely for form's sake. It imposes at the same time the very pleasant duty of preparing for each friend some token of affection that shall show considertoken of affection that shall show consideration as well as kindness, and leads to the preparation of little tokens of affection, inconsiderable in value perhaps, but significant of thoughtful love. Chistmas is thus made a real festival in the heart, not a merely formal season for gift-making. But one cannot afford to wait until the day itself before choosing the gift that shall give expression to the kindly, generous feeling of the Christmas season. There must be thinking and planning now if the gifts are to exhibit that consideration which shall add to their value as tokens of affection. Our friend is to be pleased, that is the first consideration. What gift will show him the a tender regard has been had for his tastes or whims; that there has been a real effort made to gratify him? If that can be deter made to gratify him? If that can be deter mined in such a way as to enable the give to put something of his own personality into the gift it will have a double value in the eyes of the recipient. There are proba-bly no Christmas gifts that give higher sat isfaction than the home-made articles fash

Before I had climbed twenty-five feet I was tired; but this was one of the occasions when a man cannot know fatigne until total collapse ensues. I looked above me—the lowest limb was fully seventy-five feet from the ground. I looked down, and there stood the bear at the foot of the tree, growling and gnashing her teeth and evidently ingired with murderous intention. Did I give up and drop back into the fatal hag awaiting me? Not much! I kept on hitching.

The wrong kind of bear. Finally I reached a limb and throwing a leg over it took the first long breath I had drawn since the first long breath I had drawn since this section where a great many men are this section where a great many men are the structure of the control of the tree of the tree can be purchased cheaply.

this section where a great many men are employed in the summer seasons. The employed in the summer seasons. The Blackfoot river passes through this valley where the Blackfoot Milling and Manufacturing company have the largest saw mills in the state. The valley is seven miles east of Missoula and is densely timbered, though a large portion of it is fine farming and grazing lands. Like all the other valleys it is alive with small streams trickling down the thinkly worked.

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